

THE PRESS.

OFFICE, 14 WEST FOURTH-STREET.

WEDNESDAY..... OCTOBER 19

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

It is the song my mother sings,
And still do I list the strain,
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sing again.

She breathed it to me long ago,
To me she sang it often,
And she murmured after her hours—
I slept in peace upon her breast.

An gentle song, that last a thong,
Of angel tones within the soul,
I feel that shall love long,
And fear I love her far too well.

For though I turn to hear them now,
With doting gauds of warm delight,
I after say I know not how
They playful tones may dim my light.

That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it fallen day by day,
It sounds like a lark in the air,
That trembles like a cooing dove.

And then that heart-beat gentle song,
With which an angel in the spirit,
With all its could not leave me well,
Or that it had not loved so well.

The Last Scene of Washington's Life.

Irving's new Life of Washington has just been completed. Mr. Irving brings the work to a close with the following description of the final scene:

Winter had now set in, with occasional wind and rain, and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active round of indoor and outdoor avocation, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of the estate, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and especially pointed out the spot where he proposed building a new family vault; the old one damaged by the roots of trees, which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," he said, "I shall make first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

"When I parted from him," added the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear, healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well. I have sometimes thought him the handsomest man I ever saw, and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantness, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realize that he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him."

For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several succeeding years, specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with tables designating the rotation of crops. It occupied thirty folio pages, and was executed with the clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he, on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no recreant may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits."

According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated, was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day—11th—he notes there was wind and rain, and at night a large circle round the moon.

The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War.

About ten o'clock he mounted his horse and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring around the moon, which he had observed the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, "it began to rain, soon after to hail, and then turned to a steady cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to his house till after three.

His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the postoffice in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed his fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him, he sat down to table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A horseman, which had hung about him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the postoffice. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments, while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve his cold. "No," replied he, "Let it go as it came."

In the night he was extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call him, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant-woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the General breathing with great difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and

that in the mean time Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive.

A gurgle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the General's arm was ready for the operation, he became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the General, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. "The officer is not large enough," said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent him, and as soon as he could speak, murmured, "more, more," but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat, and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

His old friend Dr. Craik arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

"About half-past four o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bed-side, when he requested her to go down into his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

"After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'Find I am going; my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange all my military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else'; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun. I told him this would be done. He then asked me if I recollect anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was a debt we all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

In the course of the afternoon, he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the General would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he gratefully, "it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind, you will find it."

His servant Christopher had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The General noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock his old friend Dr. Craik, came again into the room, and approached his bed-side. "Doctor," said the General, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bed-side, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he, "thank you for your intentions, but I pray you take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I can not last long." He lay down again; all retired except Dr. Craik. The General continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried, without avail, in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered a sigh or complaint.

"About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again, and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Tis well,' said he.

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of December 14, 1799) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly without his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. "He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hand over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh."

They tell a good story of Hallam and Rodgers. The poet said: "How do you do Hallam?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well, how have you done?" "Been where?" "Pshaw! how do you feel?" "Feel me, and see." "Good morning, Hallam." "It's not a good morning." Rodgers could say no more.

A man came very near dying in California, lately, by putting on a pair of clean white stockings and drinking a glass of cold water, an experiment he had not tried for a good many years.

A short time ago the following notice was stuck up at a tailor's window, near Manchester: "Wanted—two apprentices; they will be treated as one of the family."

An acquaintance says that since he dismissed his handsome doctor, and employed a plain one, his wife and daughter haven't got sick half so often as they did before.

A man who will strap his razor on his Bible and wipe it on his newspaper, the Syracuse Journal thinks, deserves to neither.

Mrs. Partington thinks that Polly ticks, from the queer turns they appear to take, should be named Ann-tics.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANT—Sells rooms No. 7 Franklin street, with the sale of His Estate, Personal Property, Dry Goods, Hardware, Hats, Books, Sizes, Groceries, Furniture, &c. Having procured the services of a medical practitioner, with dispatch and prompt return. Cash advances made on goods for public sales. Consignments solicited. Refer to merchants generally. [See ad. page 11.]

RAILROAD HOTEL,

(Fronting the Steamboat Landing.)

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

R. F. LEVERING, Proprietor.

[See ad. page 11.]

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